

"SWEET STRANGER"
By BERTA RUCK
A Double-Barrelled Love Story

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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officer, and his twin, Agnes, followed to New York. Chicago a girl whose little green jade got Jim had found in a London to the one he found—and kept. Jim fell ill with fever, and Georgia night Agnes, doing swimming, "saw" the slim Phil, and a C. said. Her swim was interrupted by a girl calling that a C.

I wanted, Georgia Tarbell had followed me in. She asked me gravely, "Is this trick, Miss Vaughan?" "Trick?" I laughed. "What do you

"Leaving me here to look after Capt. Vaughan?"

"Good heavens!" I began in agitation, "why on earth do you—"

"Because," quietly, "if you go, of course I shall go too. If you are going away I shall go too. That I shall be left alone with your brother, I call it a trick. And a mean one."

I faced her in the flickering candle light.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "I hadn't thought of such a thing. I hadn't thought of it. I hadn't thought of leaving him all that weight of being sent for like this!"

Georgia said, with a return to the usual calmness of her speech, "I don't think Capt. Vaughan's doing a particularly good job."

"But if Claudia Crane thought—"

"Claudia Crane? She's nothing to worry about. She's there, as usual, in the Dollardier, that's all."

"She'll look after me."

I heard the sound of the car door closing.

"But Miss Crane telephoned the

"She did not telephone at a

did wonder this is Mor-
don's? I don't know if
a. Met you
"Yes—yes—
"Yes—yes—
a little laugh
something.
"Was a stealer
on speaking
Dollardorf?
soon can

from New York?"
Somebody did not telephone at a
of course, as I go to visit you, she'll
there too?"
"Too?" the other girl took
sharply.
"Yes, 'too.' Of course there's a
young man." I threw out defiantly.
"Who would have telephone
Who else would have telephone
of course I'm going to him. After
seeing. And his message on the
to do it. If I told you it were to the
Pole; I'd go if I had to walk a few
step of the way," I babbled feverishly.
"I haven't time to tell you the simple
wonderful to tell you the simple
an hour ago. I knew then. Why
even saw how he must have been
deserted. That very moment. Gr
suit and all."
The motor honked once more de-
by the store."
"And it's quite all right. My bro-
er's met him, only he said he didn't
want Jim, it was me—he! Can't you
understand?"
"I'll hear your voice in friendly inter-
est. "Why, I didn't know you were
engaged?"
"I'm engaged? I'm not. I don't know
why I should go at all. Only I know
I must. Oh I must—I must—I must."
A sob cut my words, two eng-

“I dropped my bags, fumbled for a handkerchief, found suddenly a fresh one scented with rosemary, pushed it into my fingers and the other girl’s arm thrown around my shoulders.”

CHAPTER VII.

ALTHOUGH softness now, she spoke: “There! Why, for goodness sake—Now, what are you distressing yourself for this way?”

“T—sob—I shall lose my train.”

“The night train from the junction. You will not lose it. Why, have you been setting your watch by the office clock? That’s always a half hour

bad. I ask
me to New
re to-mor-
isn't there.
Vaughan?"

fast."

She made me sit down beside her
on the edge of the bed while I pulled
myself together. "That's better? T

"him now, me, do you really care all that for
at a day or
hesitated,
"Are you
"You—you want to see
all you ever
worry you
"

"Can't help it, you know," I sighed.
"But—oh! you can't think how glad
I am that I can't!"
"And," gently, "does he for you?"
"Yes. . . . No. . . . I mean
don't know. I mean, I know he does
but he may not." I laughed tremu-
lously. "I don't know anything un-
I get there and see him to talk to."

the morn-
"Come!"
ly. "Why
ly. "Why

Not ever? He sooner, I see your

intermittent shots be-
phone upon
t disappointed
re?" Then
But oh, what does anything ma-

arm appealingly. "Don't, don't tell my brother what an abject fool you seem me behaving like."

"Give me that grip of yours,"

to have
you? Yes,
up to the
meet it out-
I stepped at the open house do-
murmuring urgently. "Look here, y
will look after Jim while I'm awa-

Refusal threatened in Georgia Tech's bell's look, in the pose of her head

I know there are plenty of the other people who would do anything for him. But you—you're trained."

Refusal threatened in Georgia Totto's bell's look, in the pose of her hands.

"I know we've been an unpleasant nuisance to you from the beginning," she admitted. "So—well, three months of this couldn't make so very much difference. I could do for myself. With you. We can't."

what we've
you going
by the next
won't you stay? Then I won't
so hideously selfish leaving the poor
wretched boy. Not if I can
you're there to—to talk politics a
that to him."

that you've won't you stay? Then I won't so
you going so hideously selfish leaving the
by the next wretched boy. Not if I can f
you're there to talk politics a
that to him."
kid, what "Politics? Plenty of newspapers
Crane's at she suggested dryly, "that I mis
send in to him."
s she wired "Ah, not the same thing as—as you
going yourself if to talk over then
"But I'm not

"That we've got you going by the next kid, what Crane's at she whined same by tel- lance. I must should Miss "I'll keep now, will you?" "Please," he said, "I whispered, 'And here"

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

"You going
by the next
kid, what
Crane's at
as she wired
ame by tel-
e. I must
ould Miss
thing him
just said
and tell me
of cupboard
otes at the
pillow.
right Jim?
dear?"
om into my
took what

"Don't you stay? Then I won't go so hideously selfish leaving the poor wretched boy. Not if I can for you're there to talk politics as that to him."
"Politics? Plenty of newspapers," she suggested dryly, "that I might send in to him."
"Ah, not the same thing as—your going yourself to—to talk over them," I urged. "Please—and oh, say, forgettin'—these are the key of the col- box, with every penny we've got in it and his checkbook. You'll keep them safe, will you . . . ? Please, as a favor to me." I whispered, "And because I'm in such a whirl I hardly know what I'm doing . . ." I held out the key. She took it with a little reluctance shrug. "Be kind to me. Do do—do with him!" I put both arms around her, and pleaded, "Be a sport! Be a sport. And in perfectly good American slang I clinched it, "Georgia, be a real yaller feller!"

Do Not Miss To-Morrow's Interesting Installment.